

## The World.

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## LONG'S DAILY CARTOON.



Large sense of smell, but a very small sense of propriety.

## THE CHARTER AND SCHOOLS.

IN the course of their seeking for expert information on various city government subjects, the Charter Revision Commissioners have reached the public schools department. They are hearing a great abundance of suggestions from various sources. It is important for them to remember that these are the points desirable to be secured, under the law, for the public education:

The largest possible accommodation for the greatest number of children.

The greatest facilities for extending building accommodations to meet new needs.

Such a system of sure compensation as will secure and keep the best teachers.

Absolute simplicity and a direct responsibility in the control of school affairs.

An economy which does not mean niggardiness in school finances.

Absolute freedom of the schools from politics.

These aren't many things to demand. They mean everything to the good of the system.

## BAD TEMPER AT OCEAN GROVE.

THERE is more than a little childishness to the threat that if Sunday trains are allowed to stop at Ocean Grove the preachers will close their services and go away. The "I-won't-play-in-your-yard" idea is poorly adapted to the service of the Church in a rationally liberal age like this.

Of course, there would be a material loss to hotel men and boarding-house-keepers if the camp-meetings at the Grove were to be abandoned. But this loss would be temporary. The good benches about the Asbury vicinity would not long be suffered to go begging for summer uses. The most grievous and lasting damage would be done to the churchly bodies which allowed themselves to be so affected by unbecoming spite and vain opposition to the movement of the times.

Instead of uselessly protesting, the Grove grounders should welcome Sunday trains as affording a means of bringing flocks of people who cannot conveniently gather on weekdays.

## A SPITE FENCE, MR. BRYAN.

ONCE more the spite fence looms in the news of the day. It makes an interesting topic always, because it deals with that eminently and unfortunately human impulse—the impulse to retaliation.

But there's a spite fence possibility which, it is greatly to be feared, will not be realized. It pertains to the matter of a certain great injury once done to a man and a cause, and it bears upon the threatened repetition of that injury.

Mr. Bryan, it is up to you to build a spite fence between yourself and the mischievous issue of free silver. That issue has disappointed you of your dearest ambition. It menaces you again. You owe it a terrific grudge which a good, high fence will pay. Let's see you get at the building and notice how quickly the strong hands of a willing Democracy will aid you.

## THE IMPATIENT WOODRUFF.

THERE is justification for the anxiety of Woodruff. With Philadelphia scarce ten days away, there is no reason in base politics why the waistcoated aspirant to a second place should not receive, for his private convenience, at least, a quieting dictum as to whether he is to be or not to be.

It is not necessary that all the world should know at once. The feelings of "our Tim" might be relieved and nobody else be a whisper wiser.

Please tell him, Mr. Platt. There can be no good reason for maintaining the monumental silence upon which not even a pretense is made of resting a smiling patience. No reason, that is, Mr. Platt, unless you are not so sure as you hoped to be of how the old machine is going to run. And if that is true you won't own it, will you?

The dividends on ice stock are liberal. But after all, Mr. Mayor, there are times when dividends are paid that don't pay.

Worse than trying to run the mill with water that is put in the endeavor to get rich quick on the horses that also run.

Search cases not who does the Chinese laundry so long as she can carry the wealth of the Celestials.

As the money climbs don't forget that the Slick and Slender climb to mount even faster.

And especially before the Supreme Court be remembered.

## TALMAGE'S SATURDAY SERMON.

EVERY-DAY HEROES AND HEROINES.



REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

I AM now to enroll before you a roll of heroes who the world has never acknowledged—those who faced no guns, blew no bugle blast, conquered no cities, chained no captives to their chariot wheels, and yet in the great day of eternity will stand higher than some of those whose names startled the nations. I mean the heroes of common, every-day life.

In this roll, in the first place, I find all the heroes of the sick room. To be shut in a room as fast as though it were a battle, to be so nervous you cannot endure the tap of a child's foot, to have the rattle of pain strike through the side or across the temples like a razor or to put the foot into a vise or throw the whole body into a blaze of fever. Heroes of rheumatism, heroes of neuralgia, heroes of spinal complaint, heroes of sick headache, heroes of life-long invalidism, heroes and heroines! They shall reign for ever and ever. Hark! I catch just one note of the eternal anthem. "There shall be no more pain!" Bless God for that!

In this roll I also find the heroes of toil, who do their work uncomplainingly. It is comparatively easy to lead a regiment into battle when you know that the whole nation will applaud the victory; it is comparatively easy to doctor the sick when you know that your skill will be appreciated by a large company of friends and relatives; it is comparatively easy to address an audience when in the gleaming eyes and the flushed cheeks you know that your sentences are adopted.

## A NEW AND SWEET SINGER.



A new poet, Nixon Waterman, whose "Book of Verses" is attracting great attention, is here pictured. The tender ties of home are treated by him with especial grace and all the songs he sings are sweet and musical. He first made a reputation as a skillful versifier in the L. A. W. Bulletin, where poems from his pen appeared regularly. Mr. Waterman's home is at Arlington Heights, Mass.

## HOW COAL LOSES ENERGY.

IF a load of coal is left out of doors, exposed to the weather—say, a month—it loses one-third of its heating quality. If a ton of coal is placed on the ground and left there, and another ton is placed under a shed, the latter loses about 30 per cent. of its heating power, the former about 40 per cent. Hence it is a great saving of coal to have it in a dry place, covered over, and on all sides. The softer the coal the more heating power it loses, because the volatile and valuable constituents undergo a slow combustion.

## FOULARD AND WHITE LACE.



Soft foulard and white lace make a very pretty Summer dress. The popular bands of narrow black velvet are also utilized in the trimming. The toque is of ruche draped with tulle.

minutes are adopted.

But to do sewing when you expect the employer will come and thrust his thumb through the work to show how imperfect it is, or to have the whole garment thrown back on you, to be done over again, to build a wall and know there will be no one to say you did it well, but only a swearing employer howling across the scaffold, to work until your eyes are dim and your back aches and your heart faints, and to know that if you stop before night your children will starve. Heroes of the needle! Heroes of the sewing machine! Heroes of the attic! Heroes of the cellar! Heroes and heroines! Bless God for them!

In this roll I also find the heroes who have uncomplainingly endured domestic injustices. There are men who for their toil and anxiety have no sympathy in their homes. Exhausting application to business gets them a fresh food, but an ungrateful wife scatters it. He is fretted at from the moment he enters the door until he comes out of it. Such men are laughed at, but they have a heart-breaking trouble, and they would have long ago gone into appalling despondency but for the grace of God.

Society today is strewn with the wrecks of men who under the northeast storm of domestic infidelity have been driven on the rocks. There are tens of thousands of drunkards to-day, made such by their wives. That is not poetry; that is prose.

But the wrong is generally in the opposite direction. You would not have to go far to find a wife whose life is a perpetual martyrdom. Something heavier than a stroke of the fist—unkind words, staggering home at midnight and constant mistreatment which have left her only a wreck of what she was on that day when the vows were taken.

Some day, desiring to evoke the story of her sorrows, you say, "Well, how are you getting along now?" and rallying her trembling voice and quivering lip she says, "Pretty well, I thank you; pretty well." Not until the books of eternity are opened on the throne of judgment will ever be known what she has suffered. Oh, ye who are twisting a garland for the victor, put it on that pale brow!

I preach this sermon for comfort. Go home to the place just where God has put you to play the hero or the heroine. Do not envy any man his money or his applause or his social position. Do not envy any woman her wardrobe or her exquisite appearance. Be the hero or the heroine.

Oh, ye who are hard hearted in the battle of life and know not which way to turn! Oh, you bereft one! Oh, you sick one, with complaints you have told to no one, come and get the comfort of this subject. Listen to our great Captain's cheer: "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the fruit of the tree of life which is in the midst of the Paradise of God."

## IN RUBRIC.

I OPED an antique missal clasped with gold. The pucker parchment cover fretted o'er With curious figures some skilled hand of yore.

Lamined thereupon—designs minutely scrolled; And on an oft-thumbed page did I behold One word in rubric—Love. This, and no more.

I marked among black-letter lines a score, So deeply did it on my heart take hold.

To one I showed it whose bright aureole Of hair had flamed the first soft lights of dawn.

And over it she brooded lingeringly; Could she but ope the missal of my soul, And turn each page, in rubric thereupon, That word, and that word only, would she see.

—Clinton Scollard.

## MOUNTAINS THAT SING.

SINGING mountains are those which are known to give out musical sounds when trodden by man or when played upon by the wind. This phenomenon is due to the presence of a particular sand which is found in many parts of the world. The musical sound is believed to be due to the rubbing together of millions of grains of this perfectly clear sand, which have no irregularities or roughness, and no adherent matter attached to them.

A famous example of a singing mountain is that of the Gebel-Nakus or "Mountain of the Bell," near the Red Sea. Its notes vary from those of a deep, mellow church bell to those of an Aeolian harp. A similar mountain is found in the midst of Pyramid Lake, Nevada. Here, in certain states of the weather, the sound produced by the action of the wind on the ground is like the jangling of countless silver bells ending with a loud strain like the low notes of a pedal organ.

## JOHN BROWN'S SISTER SAYS HE DESERVED DEATH.



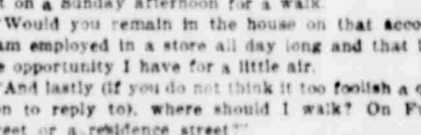
MRS. MARTHA DAVIS.

A sister of John Brown, the abolitionist martyr, is still living. She is Mrs. Martha Davis, and her home is in the village of St. John's, Mich.

When asked recently if she thought that history had done justice to her brother, she replied: "No, I don't. History has been very foolish. One class of historians has called him a saint, but he was far from being one. There were thousands of other men who worked with him and held the same convictions who were just as good as John, but they have never been mentioned for a place in the calendar of saints."

"Another class of historians has made him out a fanatic and a fool. He was neither. He was a great, strong man, with strong convictions, who did not believe that he could conquer the South, but thought that the Harper's Ferry stroke would arouse both the North and the South and would crystallize sentiment into activity. I never have believed that John had much to do with the choice of his career. The times demanded some one who would act, and he was but the instrument in the hands of some superior power. If it had not been John it would have been some one else at that time and it was very natural that the man, whoever he might be, would be prepared for such a task in Kansas."

She said Virginia was right in hanging her brother. "According to the national and State constitutions John was wrong," she said. "No nation or State can tolerate the depredations of marauding bands of men, no matter what their purpose is. A band from an adjoining State attempting to overthrow our local institutions would be captured, prosecuted and probably executed as John and his men were. Those who resort to war know that they may perish by it."



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